

ODE TO PITY.

HAIL lovely pow'r! whose bosom heaves the sigh,
When Fancy paints th' scene of deep distress;
Whose tears spontaneous chrytalize the eye,
When rigid Fate denies the power to bless.

Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey
From flow'ry meads, can with that sigh compare;
Not dew-drops glitt'ring in the morning ray,
Seem half so beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear, the fawns around thee play;
Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies;
No blood-stain'd traces mark thy guiltless way,
Beneath thy feet no hapless insect dies.

Come, lovely pow'r! & range the meads with me,
To spring the partridge from the guileful foe;
From strength'ning snares the struggling bird to free,

And stop the hand prepar'd to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,
And nature droops beneath the conquering gleam
Let us, slow wand'ring where the current flows,
Save sinking flies that float along the stream.

Or turn to nobler, greater tasks, thy care,
To me thy sympathetic gifts impart;
Teach me in friendship's griefs to bear a share,
And justly boast the generous, feeling heart.

Teach me to soothe the helpless orphan's grief,
With timely aid the widow's woes assuage;
To misery's moving cry to yield relief,
And be the sure resource of drooping age.

So, when the genial spring of life shall fade,
And sinking nature owns the dread decay,
Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,
And gild the close of life's eventful day.